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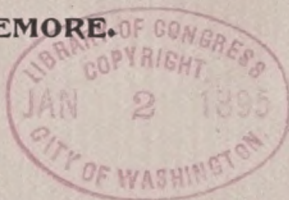
OR,

The Little Conqueror.

(BY REQUEST.)

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MRS. E. M. WHITTEMORE.

—
FIRST EDITION
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By Mrs. E. M. WHITTEMORE.

FRANKIE:
Or, The Little Conqueror.

CHAPTER I.

SYMPATHY AND SELF-DENIAL.

IN the Name of the dear Lord Jesus, and as a tribute of love to the memory of my precious little son now in His presence, these lines are penned, accompanied with most earnest prayer that those who peruse them may allow,—*especially* the words recorded as they fell from his dying lips, before entering into his allotted place,—to renew and quicken within their souls a *greater* desire to become more intimately acquainted with a God who could and did so satisfy the heart of a timid little child (of but eleven years), as to make even the valley of death to have no terror or dread, but by simple faith to be so lit up with the

reflected brightness of coming glory to his spirit, that *all* fear vanished, as in the strength of that very God he stepped forth in victory to the Border Land, closing his earthly career below, with praises to Him who has made us more than conquerors, and leaving the following remarkable testimony behind to the *reality* of the all-sufficiency of grace in *such* a time of need.

Although naturally a somewhat serious child he was by no means morbid, but full of boyish pranks and mischief when in health, and yet, never so engrossed in pleasure or fun that he hadn't sufficient time to think of others less favored; and, repeatedly would he, in the height of some out-door sport drop *everything*, as his tender little heart would go forth in sympathy to a suffering child or beggar passing, and almost as often would he overtake and lead them to the door of his home, give the bell two or three vigorous pulls and run in for assistance of one kind or another; then, hardly waiting for the thanks that were showered upon him, resumed his play, never counting the mo

ments given up, for the pleasure of doing what he could to make another happy.

With a face full of earnest purpose and concern, entering my room one morning, he asked permission to clothe a poor boy he knew about; adding he wished to do it *all* himself by doing without one of his suits, and further said he did not *wish* it to be replaced or the other things he gathered together to put in the bundle.

Off he started with a joyful countenance anticipating as he went forth on his errand of love the pleasure about to be bestowed, which, by the account given on his return proved he had not been disappointed, and it was quite apparent that through the sacrifice so willingly made he had discovered by experience it was far more blessed to give than to receive.

For a few weeks (in order to test such generosity) the clothing thus given was not duplicated, but *never once* did a regret or a hint escape his lips those weeks for others. One day upon returning home with a friend somewhat unexpectedly, we found him very much engaged with my **n**ew sewing machine, and having what a

child might say a grand good time, turning the wheel, bobbing up and down the foot, and pulling the strap.

With some embarrassment he met my eye as I exclaimed, "O Frankie, what *are* you doing? Now if you forgot darling what mamma told you, of course I'll forgive you, but if you didn't, and have disobeyed me playing here, I think I shall *have* to punish you."

For a few moments that little upturned face was a study, when with a look of determination he finally drew himself up, walked over to us and said in an unsteady but manly voice, "No mamma, I did *not* forget. I did it because I *wanted* to, that's why," and with quivering lips he added in a lower tone, "I shant even make believe to myself, for I did remember." It so touched us both I could not but stoop down and with a kiss forgive him, and that settled any further meddling with the machine again on his part.

CHAPTER II.

PRAYER IN DANGER.

N another occasion, laughing and frolicking around one summer morning with his sister, he took his hat and in a wild sort of a glee threw it high in the air. The wind blew somewhat strong and the cap, being light, it was finally carried to the top of the roof. Both children for a moment were brought to a stand still, and with sober faces contemplated the difficulty of *even attempting* to procure that far-away article.

The roof though not over nineteen feet in height was almost perpendicular, going up to a point over an octagon summer house.

After a few moments of silence, as quick as a flash Frankie decided without further deliberation to climb up after it notwithstanding the almost tearful entreaties of his young sister; who, stand-

ing below, could all the more accurately take in the danger of such daring.

Oftentimes in the lives of older persons who are bound to have their own way, they often are so permitted in order to prove the absurdity of it, and thereby taught a lesson impossible to learn in any other manner. Certainly the one taught that day will never be forgotten by either of those most interested.

Up, up, he went, regardless of consequences, hand over hand, climbing up that sloping roof, when suddenly, just as he was in about reaching distance of his hat, there was a crash, and one of the shingles gave away, causing him to slip two feet or more.

Realizing finally when too late the predicament he had placed himself into, he called out in agony "Dear Jesus, Oh, please don't let me fall ; help me !"

Instantly he was prompted to dig his nails into the soft wood shingles, and as improbable as it may seem he hung on, though his feet could not seem to gain a rest to steady him.

As his sister, taking in the great peril

of his situation, almost stunned for a second, she too called out, "Oh yes, dear Jesus, you won't let him fall, please don't."

Directly underneath him was a large mass of rocks, and it meant certain death unless he could be rescued. Once more came the cry from above, which showed her not one moment could be lost, "Oh, dear, dear Jesus, I'm slipping; I can hardly hold on. Help me, oh, do!" Bravely did she ascend until the gutter of the roof was reached; but, seeing how impossible it was to climb any further, with a cheering word she hastily descended, seized a long pole with a crab-net on it (standing against the house), and, far more rapidly than it takes to tell it, did she get up into the gutter again, dragging the pole along. Bracing herself against the roof she leaned over and put the crab-net and all right over her brother's head, saying, "Hold on, Frankie, and I will pull you down." It was not any too soon, for he had just about strength to grasp it and to slide down as she steadied the pole.

Quite exhausted, they both sat against the roof beam in the broad gutter, weeping tears of joy, and together held a praise service over answered prayer; then quietly descended the rest of the way meditating undoubtedly upon the lessons learned through those moments of danger. They explained they did not wish to wait till they got to the ground to thank the Lord, so concluded to do so before getting down.

Before very long a strong wind arose which blew the hat around, and finally caused it to fall on the grass by their side.

If we lack wisdom in anything, "let us ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not," and cease leaning so to our own understanding.

On another day Frankie was chasing a hop-toad, and, becoming greatly interested in the race; he seemed to forget where it was leading him; so on to the pier he jumped, and the toad hopped, and hopped, till he hopped off, and Frankie followed after. Splash! splash! and down, down he went into the deep water out of sight.

Soon a very white, frightened little face was seen above the surface, and two hands clutching wildly around, when they seized on to a rope hanging over the dock. Gaining courage, he let out two or three pitiful cries, which attracted his sister and others on the lawn. Down they rushed to his assistance.

Emma, the same young sister, got there first, and jumped in clothes and all. As she reached him, she said, "Don't touch me, but I'll hold you," for fear in his fright he might catch her around the neck and they would both be drowned. She kept herself up while holding him, by treading water, till her brother reached them; then between them both they brought him safely to shore. He said, when he felt himself going down he called to God for help and while so doing as he struck bottom opened his eyes and saw sea-weed growing under the water round the stones of the dock, clutching hold of it, hand over hand he pulled himself up.

Two such lessons learned that year was sufficient (of forgetful thoughtlessness,)—ending though with the com-

passionate love of God in answer to prayer,—to impress upon them both and others interested that self-inclinations were not to be depended upon.

These two little incidents given may enable others of a larger growth to learn similar lessons in recalling past reminiscences perhaps of equally foolish enterprises by reading this simple statement.

May we so endeavor to walk as to glorify God in *all* our ways; then, when temptations assail us or trials approach, we will be fully fortified to overcome, and in submissive faith yield to the power and wisdom of God, which is always the quickest way out of difficulty and shortest road to blessing!

His respect for God's day was most marked, as he early learned to love the Lord. For instance, when but just ten, Christmas came upon Sunday, and though not desiring in any way to conflict with former instructions concerning that day, without saying anything to our children we decided as Christmas came but once a year, and so looked forward to, we would allow them to see their

gifts as usual, but not to distribute them till the following morning. Accordingly, they were all arranged late Saturday night in the library before retiring.

Very early, about four o'clock in the morning being suddenly awakened by hearing a slight noise, I glanced through the passage way and by the dim gas light could discern a little figure gliding round the room with a large white bundle under his arm; with some surprise and curiosity I watched, (without being observed) what took place. Not wishing to startle my child, for it was none other but Frankie, I quietly returned to my bed, and none too soon, for a moment later he entered and almost as noiselessly as he had crept out fifteen minutes or so before, did he crawl into his bed again and in a few minutes was fast asleep.

When dressing about eight or so, I said, "O darling, *whatever* were you doing in the library last night all alone? Modestly dropping his little head to one side and looking shyly out of his beautiful blue eyes he replied, "why Mamma dear, don't you see it is Sunday, and last night I

just could not get to sleep thinking about Christmas coming on Sunday, and I was afraid we *might* be tempted to look at our things, so I thought I would cover them all up, so got a big sheet from the nursery upstairs, and put it *all* over the presents, then we couldn't *even* see them till Monday."

I learned something of great importance from this honest confession, as I caught a glimpse of what *true* reverence for holy things in a child's heart could mean, and for the rest of the day felt but too willing to aid him in encouraging the others to be patient ; and never once was that sheet lifted by a single member of the family until the next morning. And when it was, there surely was no happier-hearted recipient in the world, as one by one his presents were examined with exclamations of delight, nor did he in his excitement forget to be grateful to the giver of all gifts, or cease to remember those who served in the house, and for whom he had purchased out of his savings some useful little things. So leaving his new treasures with them and

other articles he hastened down stairs to distribute them with a smiling face and a "Merry Christmas " to each one.



CHAPTER III.

“NOT I BUT CHRIST.”

 ONE New Year's eve, after praying for a Text that might mean much in my life through the coming days, these words seemed to be breathed into my heart in great tenderness, "Not I but Christ." Until I fell asleep the one cry that arose from the depths of my being was, that such might be the case, as never before in *all* I did, *thought* or *said*.

Aroused very early the next morning by my baby twisting and turning round on the bed, endeavoring by so doing and by many funny little noises in half undertones (so as not to disturb me), to attract the attention of dear little Frankie, who was fast asleep over in the corner upon his own little bed. He finally crawled to the foot of the bed, and after a few moments of somewhat serious contemplation, with a somewhat anxious expres-

sion, glancing over to see if I was asleep, and feeling satisfied that such was the case, he again with various efforts attempted to accomplish his purpose, and finally succeeded by Frankie calling out in sort of a whisper, while rubbing his eyes, "Well, what's the matter?"

Evidently feeling he was sufficiently aroused to answer some of the numerous questions that had been accumulating in his baby brain during that very brief interval of silence, he, much to my amusement, with a most solemn look out of his big blue eyes, said, in a subdued voice, "Fwankie, s'pose *Marmie* died?" "Yes," was the sober reply from the other end of the room by Frankie, who by this time was sitting up very wide awake, looking at this little questioner, somewhat awed.

"Well! s'pose Parpie died?" "Yes," again came back the answer.

A similar conversation was carried on a few moments longer for others, until by imagination *every one* in our household had been disposed of excepting the little man himself.

With considerable interest, my hand

over my eyes, not wishing them to know I was awake, I watched them both between my fingers, *wondering* what he intended doing with himself.

He sat very still with brow contracted and lost in thought for at least five minutes. A similar query must have also taken possession of his mind, for, with a look of *great* concern as he once more straightened up his little form, he said, "But s'pose Fwankie *me die meself*, what *den* s'pose?"

Such a question!—from the time it took before the reply came showed that it was worthy of *some* deliberation. I could almost have laughed aloud as I caught the expression upon their serious faces looking intently one at the other.

At last growing somewhat impatient, receiving no answer, Baby once more broke the stillness, crawling down to the very edge of the foot-board, and leaning way over, in rather a decided voice said, though quite low, "But s'pose Fwankie *s'pose?*" with a little shaking back of his curls.

Finally, Frankie with a smile replied,

"Why Louie you'll see dear papa and mamma;" then, with a voice of great tenderness he softly added, "And Louie, you'll *see dear Jesus*." It was said with *such* implicit trust and *certainly* that as I looked at the earnest little face my heart went out in much prayer for them both.

Through the innocent prattle of those little ones God kept speaking to my heart *very* often during that day and many which followed, whispering through the Holy Spirit to indeed *reckon* myself dead unto *sin* and *self* and *alive* unto Him as *never* before. To be *so* alive unto Christ as to see Jesus in *everything* by faith but with it all came the thought, not to follow Louie's example in fixing *others* up *first*, but to begin with number *one* and leave God to care for them.

On another occasion, when quite young, after a long sickness, being somewhat wearied with constant watching, and loss of sleep, a friend kindly consented to remain by his side through the night while I endeavored to rest in the bed across the room. All through the night she faithfully ministered to his every want,

until from exhaustion, she dozed off towards morning; awaking with a start she found Frankie leaning on his elbow looking intently at her with large wistful eyes full of tears.

"What is it dear?" she asked.

"Oh! I'm *so* thirsty," he pitifully moaned. "You poor little darling," she quickly replied jumping up and while handing him a drink, inquired remorsefully, *why* he didn't call her.

"Oh no!" he said, you were asleep, so I knew you were tired; and, I was *sure* you would wake up sometime, so I prayed that God would not let me be very, *very* thirsty till you woke up." After making him comfortable, she once more threw herself down by his side, and was quite touched as his dear little fingers were pressed over her eyes and to hear him say, "now go to sleep again, and I'll ask God to wake you up when I get thirsty another time."

All this, she told me later, was said in a hushed voice so as not to disturb me, and each time during that long night when handing him his nourishment or water,

he would repeatedly tell her "Go look at mamma and *see* if she's asleep, she's so tired, *poor mamma.*"

The next day he confessed that once his knees pained so very badly that he was afraid he *must* cry out loud, but "I wouldn't," he added, "I knew it would wake up mamma, so I put my head into the blankets and cried to myself."

Another time while giving him a bath we noticed his little lips quivering as I poured more hot water into the tub. Placing her hand in she found it was far too warm. It was the work of a moment to add cold water and as she was doing so, inquired, "Why, Frankie, why *didn't you* say something?" "Because," he replied, "*Mamma* was pouring in the water, and I thought it was all right, for I knew, you see, *she never* would hurt me, unless she couldn't help it."

Later on when fixed in his new made bed with a clean fresh nightdress and all on, his pretty curly hair brushed off his face, she went to kiss him good-night, and was quite surprised to hear him say with a quaint little smile, "I was thinking

this is the way bad peoples feel, when they get converted, and haven't any more sins."

"Why how's that love?" she laughingly asked. "How *do* you feel?"

"Why all the sticky's gone, and I feel so clean and good," he answered.

One day, though usually the personification of patience, he was very fretful, and when the nurse made her appearance with his beef-tea, he *positively* refused to drink it. No amount of persuasion was sufficient to even induce him to taste it, as he kept saying "I'm sick of it." Coaxing and bribing were also unavailing until she endeavored to appeal to his feelings, saying, "Don't you like *me* enough Frankie to take it for *my* sake?" To her astonishment he shook his head emphatically, no.

"What Frankie," she said "you don't love me?" Another shake of the head was his only answer.

"And you wouldn't care if I never came any more to see you?" she continued in a spirit of teasing.

Another shake of the head no.

Pretending she was much grieved, (not for an instant thinking he would take it much to heart) she rose, and said to his sisters, who also had tried to get him to drink the tea. "Tell Mamma when she comes in that Frankie's hurt my feelings, so I won't come and see him *any* more."

Half smiling, one asked, "Won't you come if he says he's sorry?"

"Oh yes," she replied, willing to make concessions "he needn't say anything either, only kiss me."

But to this he refused and finally with his face turned towards the wall fell asleep.

The day following she came as usual, forgetting the conversation of the previous day.

Upon entering the room, Frankie put out both his little hands and said, "Oh I asked God *so* hard, to make you come back. I *do* like you and I'm sorry I hurt your feelings."

When the beef-tea came up that day, instead of refusing to touch it, he sat up on the sofa and said, "Let's *pretend* it's chicken soup, and everytime we'll call it

something else, and perhaps it won't taste so bad." After this while obliged to take it, under the name of all his favorite dishes then deprived of, he heroically drank it without a murmur.

A few weeks later he was able to take short walks, and upon one occasion, this same friend being with him, proposed treating him to a glass of soda-water; refusing, she suggested then he should buy something for himself. He said, "Well if you don't mind, I could buy some peppermints, *mamma* likes them, but if I got the soda-water nobody will have any but *me*, and I can give *everybody* some of the candy."

"But you don't like peppermints," she answered, "and you know you *can't* eat candy."

"Yes, but everyone *else* can and *mamma* likes it, and maybe she will let me have one at night when I cough, and if it was *just* the kind I liked, I might want to eat more. But I won't hurry with a peppermint and it will last all night."

The most beautiful part of his self-denial was, that he never seemed to think

it was anything unusual or to be commented upon.

Oh, that all who read these pages might but follow such an example through life!



CHAPTER IV.

THE FAITH OF A LITTLE CHILD.

Mark II : 24.

3UST here I will digress a little and relate some things further concerning little Louie, which greatly interested and amused our dear boy, besides teaching us all a wonderful lesson of what true faith really means.

One day some one most unwisely gave the little fellow a large stick of candy when playing on the lawn. His nurse, a good Christian woman, knowing it was not best for him to eat it, when, in a moment of curiosity, he, laying it on the grass to run over to a certain place to see what was transpiring, she quietly put it in her pocket. Upon his return great was his consternation to find, after a most persistent search, that the candy was not to be found. What followed any child can readily imagine. Tears innumerable rolled down those little sunburnt

cheeks, until almost sufficient had flowed to have dissolved the candy itself.

After comforting him the best she knew how, the nurse managed finally to divert him sufficiently until the smiles appeared, and then sort of dismissed the whole matter from her thoughts.

This, however, was not the case with the little man himself; for that evening, after concluding his little prayer, he astonished her by saying most seriously, with a tender little quiver in his tone of voice: "Dear Jesus, yer know I loss my candy today on the grass, and I couldn't know where to find it. O, won't yer please find it for me tomorrow mornin', dear Jesus, Amen."

The nurse, as she quietly listened, could not but be touched by such simple trust, and was thus prompted to break off a piece of the candy, and without his knowledge, before he arose the next day, place it near to the spot where the day before he had laid it, as she could remember.

How did he act when the sun shone through the blinds into his little crib and

awakened him the following morning? Did he speculate in his mind as to whether it would be *worth while* to go and look for what he desired? Did he think it would be the *most wonderful* thing in the world if God actually was true to His word and answered prayer? (as many an older person by their actions seem to.)

To both these questions the same answer could be given, "No." He was so positive that his "dear Jesus" had not only heard that little prayer and *had* answered, that he could hardly wait patiently to be properly dressed, and as soon as that was accomplished, out he ran, almost tumbling down the steps in his haste, while his pretty little laughing face was most expressive of his faith and hope.

Up to the very place he was playing the day before did he go, and stooping down, pushing the grass aside, he picked up the candy, and began dancing round, saying, "O, isn't it nice! isn't it nice!" when suddenly he came to a standstill and his face sobered down, when, in a funny little manner, but with great

earnestness, he said, almost sorrowfully, "Oh! Marwie, oh!"

"Why, Louie, dear, what *is* the matter now?" she asked, coming to him.

Then, in a still more plaintive tone, he continued: "Why, Marwie, there was more to it, it is not *all* I had. Oh! oh! Marwie." There was a slight suspicion of tears in his voice and about to flow, as they seemed to be bubbling up in those big blue eyes as following that last "Oh!" his little hands began to clinch themselves together (after poking the remaining bit of candy into his mouth), and his little chest heaved up and down, as if his trouble at the moment was greater than could be borne.

With real tact, a few words of sympathy and love, he was finally consoled, and soon was playing happily around, as if there was no such a thing as candy in the world, and apparently it was dismissed from both their minds for the rest of the day.

At night, however, after concluding his usual prayer, and about lifting up his lit-

tle foot to climb over the rung of his crib, he suddenly jumped to the floor, ran across the room on his little bare feet, dropped on his knees, and said: "Oh! I must pay more." And this is what he prayed. "Dear Jesus, I thank yer so for findin' m' candy today on de grass," then added, in almost trembling tones, "but, dear Jesus, yer didn't give it *all* back; won't yer please sen' 'nother piece t'morrow mornin'? Amen."

Although a smile could not be suppressed at this unexpected little petition, his nurse could not resist being the instrument a second time (though without his knowledge) of answering that prayer.

Dear little darling, the next morning, as the day before, he could hardly wait 'till he could run out for his candy; as not a shadow of a question arose in his baby mind concerning the prayer being answered. Cannot a little child lead us?

Accordingly, when he found it, he just jumped up and down in great delight, saying, as he ate it with much satisfaction, "Oh! but isn't dear Jesus good? Isn't He good?"

An hour or so later he came up to his nurse, and with a sudden jerk at her apron strings, he somewhat startled her by saying—and *emphasizing* it with repeated little jerks, which would surely, if kept up, have soon severed the string from the apron—"But, oh, Marwie! but *isn't* dear Jesus good, just *isn't* He good? Oh!"

"Why, of *course* He is, Louie," she replied, "but what under the sun do you keep saying it over and over so for?" she added, rather enjoying to herself the prospect of drawing him out still further, as she gazed into his sweet, upturned face, so full of gratitude and love.

"Why, Marwie," he said, "don't yer see He knew it wod make me sick if He sent it *all* back *at once*, so He jes' sent it back in little pieces. Don't yer see *now*?" he queried, most earnestly.

We all learned this lesson: that if God, for wise purposes, after that, should keep us awhile waiting upon Him for the desires of our hearts, that we would be more occupied in the Giver than the gift or desire, and if only *partially* receiving

what we craved for from time to time, we would endeavor to be patient until the reality of *all* was ours to literally enjoy, and believe He doeth all things well, for otherwise we might become spiritually sick and be absorbed in what was prayed for, rather in the Lord Himself.



CHAPTER V.

SOMETHING MORE ABOUT LOUIE.

Heb. 13: 8.

UPON another occasion after this one day when most busily engaged sitting at my desk, with numerous correspondences, etc., I heard a little noise behind me, and presently a pair of small, loving arms were thrown round my neck and amidst many kisses and hugs from Master Louie (who had stolen into the library and on tiptoe advanced towards me, dragging a small chair after him across the soft carpet, before almost aware of his presence, had managed to climb up and thus attract my attention), he said: "O, Marmie, dear, won't yer please buy me a drum? now *please* do?"

I could not but groan inwardly to myself, for if there was *any* instrument of almost torture to my ears, it was a child's drum, and it *did* seem as if I had gone

through such experiences in former days with granting similar requests from my other boys, that I could *not* willingly acquiesce. All the time these thoughts occupied my mind the little pleader was caressing and loving me, while awaiting somewhat patiently the answer. It finally came with a smile, as I stroked his little head and said: "*Not* today, darling, not today."

Somewhat disappointed, he quietly descended from his high place, and in a little while was busily engaged with his playthings, and no reference whatever was made to his desire until the following evening, when, with a face *ever* so much more in earnest, and such a wistful look out of his blue eyes, he got into my lap and again made the request. "O, but, Marmie dear, won't yer please buy me a drum? Please do, *there!*"

"Why, my darling," I replied, unable, for all the former scruples against them, to any longer withstand such intercession, "do you *really* want one so *badly* as all *that?*"

With a look of hope dancing into his

eyes, I intuitively read he felt confident I would not talk even about it if not possibly to concede with his wishes, he said, in quite a happy little manner: "O, *yes*, Marmie, yer *know* I do."

"Well, then, Louie," I replied, "just tell dear Jesus about it."

Throwing his little arms around my neck, he, in a most reverent tone of voice said: "Dear Jesus, won't yer *please* send marmie some money, so she can buy me a drum. Amen."

Precious little one, often had he prayed with me in his baby way when I've been waiting upon God for money to meet the needs of the Door of Hope, and as often had we thanked the dear Lord together for answered prayer, and now, as *his* need arose before him, he felt the money must be given *first* before the drum could be secured. It touched my heart very much, but not more than the next morning, very, very early, before hardly awake, I felt some one standing near my bed. To my surprise, it was Baby Louie, all dressed, as if awaiting me to speak. I exclaimed with some astonish-

ment, "What ever are you doing, my darling, this time in the morning, and all dressed?"

Appearing not to heed the question, and feeling satisfied I was sufficiently aroused to understand what he said, he continued to surprise me by saying, "Will yer please give me yer keys, Marmie dear?"

"Give you my keys, darling!" I exclaimed, "what for, pet?"

"O cause," he said, "I want to go down and get your letters."

"Letters!" I further exclaimed, "*this* time in the morning, and *what* do you want with my letters, Louie?"

"Oh, I thought, I didn't know, Marmie, but p'raps there'd be some money in one of the letters for my drum" (knowing that that generally was the way money came in answer to prayer for the Home referred to).

I gave him the keys, and my mother love was such that I did just breathe out a little prayer that there might be some money in one of the numerous letters I was sure he would find in the box.

Thank God, He never answers foolish prayers, for if there had been money I might, without any explanation, have caused him to *suppose* it was sent *just* for his drum.

Letter after letter was opened, until the last seal had been broken, and not even a postage stamp was enclosed. His dear sweet little face was a study to behold, as with great patience he watched with expectancy every envelope torn open.

Seeing there was nothing in any of them he quietly left the room, after kissing me, without a remark, or "Just as I expected," which probably would have been said by some children of an older growth, under similar circumstances, for other things.

It somehow took such a hold of me that I resolved not to return home that day without the coveted treasure.

After our Bible Class at Door of Hope, walking down the block with two friends to meet an engagement, I related the circumstances to them as an instance of simple faith, and as we came near a store where toys were kept, requested them to

wait by the entrance a few moments while I ran in to order the drum to be sent to my house. I hastened down the length of the store, when it suddenly occurred to me to purchase two, instead of one, knowing how his generous little heart would throb with delight in being able to give the same amount of pleasure to his brother. Just as I was giving my directions, to my great surprise I found these friends had followed me to the toy department, and one, touching me on the arm, said, all out of breath: "Wait a minute, don't *you* pay one cent for the drum. I know it isn't much, but his dear little prayer *shall* be answered, and so you must let me pay the bill." Thus God sent the money, after all.

I laughingly assented, and yet could not but feel that even in such a little matter as that God was interested.

What followed?

Upon reaching home I found the bundle awaiting me. Taking it upstairs, I called my darling, and one glance at the bundle, before even touching it, caused his face to light up with most exquisite

joy, and with trembling little fingers, full of excitement, he opened the large parcel, and upon beholding two drums, his delight knew no bounds. Then a beautiful lesson seemed to come to me, and a most important one, and not too difficult for even his young mind to grasp. I said: "Darling, don't you see dear Jesus did for you the same as He sometimes does to mamma. He wanted to teach little Louie to wait on Him and be of good courage, and that the seeming delay was not a denial, only to see how far and much you really trusted Him, and, darling," I went on to say, as in his serious attention I saw he had actually for the moment forgotten the drum, "He kept you waiting a little, I believe, too, just to give you twice as much. You asked for one drum, and He didn't give it right away, and when that came He gave you—as He so often does to mamma when trusting for other things—as an added *two* drums, ever so much more than you asked, pet. O, Louie, don't you see, darling, He is *willing* to give us even

more than we seem willing to ask for? Now, pet, what are you going to do?"

Putting his little arms round my neck once more, he said: "Oh, Marmie, I'd just like to *hug* dear Jesus!" With a few quite intense little words of thanks from his lips, he jumped down and began examining the drums.

"Well, Louie," I again interrupted, seeing him somewhat lost in thought, "what are you going to do with *both* drums?" With a sweet look, he answered promptly, "I'm just going to give one to Fwankie," and so he did, which added much to his enjoyment, as they strutted round the room, up stairs, down stairs, and in fact, all over the house, for the rest of that day, and they drummed and they drummed, and still they drummed, until the moment came for that final drum, as the sides broke in; but he was so satisfied that I hav'n't heard the word drum again for many a month, and I believe I shall *never* dislike a sound of a drum, for it will ever remind me of what true, unquestioning faith really is.

God grant that those who read this lit-

the story may pause a moment and ask for a like trust, and with it follow on to know the Lord as never before.



CHAPTER VI.

HOW THE WATCH CAME.

MANY more instances could be given equally interesting, but enough has been recorded for the reader to become pretty well acquainted with his character, etc. Only one more therefore will be referred to before touching upon those sacred hours preceding his entrance into Heaven.

Last April after a slight illness he was suddenly awakened one night by the cry of "Fire," and with the other members of the house, obliged to hasten down stairs from his warm bed just as he was. The shock being so great to his nervous system, and breathing in considerable smoke before it was put entirely out proved more than his frail body could endure, and two days later found him very sick again.

Repeatedly did I hold my darling before the Lord, but somehow *never* could claim his healing, and finally could only

pray *whatever* might be most to his glory should be accomplished, only to give the grace to stand *what that would be*. Two days later after a thorough examination the doctor pronounced his case incurable, though stated he *might* live on for some little time with great care.

At first his sufferings were so intense that they absorbed most of his attention; and although we had a very excellent trained nurse, he called for me so incessantly that I could not but feel strength sufficient would be granted, and after those first two weeks cared for him myself day and night until God took him.

As I recall those long, long weeks of suspense and watching, I can see now how he was being trained through suffering to enter into the Home above.

With most marvelous patience and heroic resignation, day by day did he also, as it were, await that summons.

From time to time a smile was brought on his tired little face, as his papa or brothers would drop a bright coin into his hands. He would carefully put them away in his purse and many times would

count over his possessions, until one day he asked how much it would cost for a little boy like him to go to his summer home in N. L. I told him about "\$1.75." "Will that pay for *everything*, Mamma?" he asked. "Yes, darling," I replied. Then he informed me he had already \$1.70.

His little brother overhearing our conversation hastened from the room and standing in the doorway jumped up and down, making all sorts of gestures to attract my attention while beckoning me to come to him.

Pulling me into the Library as I arose to follow him, and putting his arms round my neck, he said somewhat excitedly, "Oh Marmie, can't I, *please do let me* give Fwankie five cents; you know *I* have six cents!" Then all out of breath as he awaited my reply, I said, "But darling, you will only have one penny left!"—wishing to prove his generosity a little. "Oh, but Marmie, *I* don't care, for then Fwankie will have \$1.75, you see; can't I?"

"Yes, Louie," I promptly replied, and

in less than no time the small bank was opened, five pennies counted out on his chubby little hand, and putting the one remaining cent carefully back, he trotted off so happily into the other room, laid them on his brother's bed, then almost as quickly, quietly slipped behind the door to enjoy the surprise, as Frankie turned and saw them lying there. When he knew they were Louie's, it was some time before he could be induced to take them, but finally did, rather than to hurt his feelings, and with most profuse thanks.

Nothing more was said until the evening, when turning to his papa who was sitting close by, he began by "Papa, would you *please* let Tommy come up to the country this summer? You know, papa, his papa can't send him away" (he was in very moderate circumstances, and the child was quite delicate). Just as he was about to reply Frankie interrupted, saying, "It won't cost *you* anything, because *I've* been saving up *my* money *every day now*, and mamma said it would cost about \$1.75 for a little boy

like me to get up there, and I want Tommy to go to the country."

"Why, my child," his papa answered with much feeling, almost overcome with such unselfishness and real sacrifice, "of *course* he shall come up, and stay as *long* as you like, but you shall not pay a cent, darling, towards it, papa will *gladly* do it; you save your money to get *what-ever* you want for *yourself*."

"O, but I don't *really* want anything," he replied. Just then I stepped up and said, "How would Frankie like to save up till he got enough to buy a nice watch? You've always wanted one."

For a moment that upturned face was a study of uncertainty and delight over the very idea. Finally it was agreed, if he was a good boy, from time to time his little sum would be added to; and two weeks later a silver watch was bought. While I was out purchasing it he said to the nurse, "I almost wish I had waited till I had money enough to buy a chain too." "Well," she replied, "who knows, perhaps mamma will buy that as *well*." "Oh *no*," he replied, "I

don't want *mamma* to spend *her* money on me." His delight was almost beyond description, when an hour later I put into his hand that silver watch and a pretty little chain attached. He patted it, held it off at arms-length, then as close as his eyes could take it in, exclaiming, "O, *isn't* it a beauty though?" Every night until his little fingers became so weak that he could not close the lid or wind it, he cared for it regularly, and was always satisfied as long as it was set to the same time as *my* watch.

When finally unable to attend to it, he was most particular even to the last night when undressing him, to turn, as he kissed me good-night, and say, "Don't forget my watch, Pet (one of his favorite ways of addressing me), please wind it and see if it is like *yours*." It was to his boyish idea the best of all his belongings, and later towards the close of this story you will read *how* it was disposed of.

How real Heaven is to a little one! When Louie heard he had gone to God he exclaimed, "Oh! then Frankie is *all well*, and he can shut his watch all himself now!"

CHAPTER VII.

“FROM GLORY TO GLORY.”

“And I will write upon him the Name of my God.” Rev. 3: 12.

ONE of the last rides my precious child took before leaving for the mountains, was upon an errand of mercy. Leaving him in the carriage a few minutes as I went in to make the call, a little Italian girl,—who had been told considerable about him, and who, through the patient and loving training of the person I went to visit, had been led to give her heart to the Lord a short time since,—stood looking at him most intently near the door, though not observed by those in the carriage. Upon leaving, she quietly entered Mrs. H—’s room and sat down.

(It was not either until days after my darling’s body was laid away, that I learned the result of that serious contemplation on the door-step that afternoon. I felt it was such a sweet tribute

to his memory that I cannot but record it.)

Mrs. H. began by telling her how ill Frankie was still, and taking her by the hand, drawing her a little nearer, said, "Now Lizzie, you and I must pray to the good God that He will cure little Frankie and spare him for his mamma's sake." With much surprise she regarded the child who with a most decided shake of the head, but earnest expression, answered, "But I can't, he is going to die, I *know* it."

"Why, what *do* you mean Lizzie?" she inquired. "Because I'm *sure* he *won't* get well, why I saw him this afternoon, when his mamma came in," she answered. "Well, what of *that*, child, if you did? God can make him well."

"But *He won't*. Why, I saw our Lord on his face, and I'm *sure* God is going to take him to Heaven, so I can't pray for him to get well," she softly replied; nor could she be induced to pray for more than that his pains might cease.

O that we of larger growth might be so close to God as to reflect His glory

and be so marked of Him as to be more *readily* discriminated from the world and attract attention to Him!

It was thought best to have him taken up to the mountains, as the sea air was somewhat heavy for him to breathe. He bore the journey exceedingly well and at times brightened up and noticed the beautiful scenery, with considerable interest as we travelled upward.

For a few days on the top of those grand old mountains way up in Meredith, N. Y., he showed signs of improvement, and even began to relish the food prepared; but, the following Monday night he had a dreadful turn with his heart, which was the chief cause of all his sufferings, forcing him for nearly eighteen weeks, to obtain what rest he could, from an almost upright position or on his knees with five or six pillows built up before him, and all during those tedious and painful nights he was only able to actually lie down but six or seven times upon his bed as others could, and *when* able, he would exclaim "Oh how good! how nice!" though day after day passed

without a murmur. Only once can I remember his saying—when from the window he saw the other children at play—with a somewhat pitiful expression, “Ain’t I *ever* going to be able to run around as I used to?” The many friends who came almost constantly to make inquiries concerning his condition or to see him, remarked repeatedly with surprise, they could *hardly* understand, *how* he could so unresistingly endure with patience all he had to contend with. It was most apparent to those who were more constantly in attendance, that in submissive resignation to God’s will his summons was awaited; in fact, one could readily now and then catch the very expression also, while looking into his pensive eyes.

The dear friends with whom we were staying at the time of his entrance into Heaven, stated they felt *honored* by his presence, and that his memory should always be cherished, for the beautiful lessons of implicit trust and faith he unconsciously taught them, and that they considered it but a personal call to each

member of their family to but more fully realize what one could become if but wholly yielded to God. But to return, the pain increased to such an extent, that I felt the end was fast approaching. Up to this time, though we had often talked of the Lord and read the Word together, I had never said anything directly about dying; not that I imagined it would intimidate him, but felt it might be an occasion of concern, as he would think over in his little mind *what* it would mean to those who loved him.

(Nothing pleased nor rested him more towards evening than to have me or others read from the Bible, and often would he insist upon having the same chapter read over and over before another could be started upon, exclaiming "O that was nice, read it again," etc.)

I felt, however, as I watched and held him, the time had come to speak of dying or I might regret it later on, and tenderly enfolding him in the arms that I knew only too well would *soon* be empty I said "Darling, perhaps dear Jesus wants to take mamma's precious little Frankie.

Would you be *afraid* to go with Him, darling?" Without the *slightest* hesitation, he promptly replied "No, Mamma." "Are you *sure*, darling?" again I questioned. "No," again came the reply soft and low. Hearing the sobs which I endeavored to suppress, between his gasps for breath he said so gently "Don't cry, Pet; don't cry Mamma." Told me he would give my love to grandpa, and would wait for me till I came, etc. In an hour more he became more quiet, but was very weak all the following day, refusing food or even water.

During Tuesday night very much exhausted I dropped off asleep for a little, when awakening suddenly, I saw my precious child trying to balance himself by the edge of the bed as if in search for something. Quickly arising I said, "Why, Frankie darling, what *are* you doing?"

"O Mamma dear," he answered, "I knew you were *so* tired, I wouldn't wake you, I *only* wanted a drink, so *thought* I could get it myself."

Up to the very end that beautiful trait

was noticeable, always thinking of others, even though at the risk of an increase of suffering to himself. He finally fell into a most refreshing sleep and awoke exclaiming, "Oh Mamma, I feel *so* good! Why, Mamma, I feel all made over!" With a grateful heart, though as I gazed into his beautiful eyes I was not deceived (otherwise the shock at parting, when it came, would have been much greater), I stooped over and kissed him. It was such a grand day, the air was so balmy and dry, that I asked him if he would like a little drive. He assented readily, and was carried down, placed by my side and comfortably seated on the cushions. We were only out half an hour; but *how* he enjoyed it, as he rested his head on my shoulder against his favorite little pillow, saying half to himself and half aloud to me, "O isn't this good! isn't this good!" over and over again. Upon our return he requested to be put on his knees in the parlor and there he remained leaning up against the sofa from twelve until six o'clock in the evening, refusing everything but water.

Several times I endeavored to change his position, but as often would he say, "Don't, Mamma dear, I feel *so* good ! O I *do* feel so good I don't want to move, I'm not tired."

About six, while stroking his little head he looked up with such a grateful smile saying, "Are you *all alone*, Mamma?" "Yes, Precious," I replied. "Then thank dear Jesus, Mamma, thank him." Quite overcome I endeavored so to do, and at the close of my prayer as I stooped to kiss him, he said "There, that's right." In a few moments later he became very cold and feeling the paroxysm coming upon him again we helped him on to the sofa, when throwing up both his arms he quietly said, "Well, it's *all* over, I'm dying."

What followed as he flung his arms round my neck, and afterwards held up by his sister, doctor, and others, I will pass quickly over; until in answer to prayer wrung from agonizing hearts, his sufferings ceased, and he was tenderly carried upstairs and placed in his old position on his knees upon the bed at his

request, with numerous pillows piled up in front so to rest against and for nearly three hours or so I had my darling boy, so far as we know, free from pain.

Glancing at me with some concern as I sat close by his bed giving him occasional drinks he said, "You can't be comfortable, Mamma." "Yes, darling," I answered. "Oh are you?" he said, then began a conversation, which at the suggestion of my daughter I wrote down quickly word for word as it fell from his lips; for being very weak every sentence was slowly spoken, and a few moments of silence between each wish expressed.

"If I die, Mamma dear, Louie can have *all* my presents, only give Baby a few of my toys."

"Give Hennie my knife!"

"Emma my seal-ring!"

"Minnie my pocket-book! And Mamma, I want *you* please to have my watch, only please sell it and give the money to the Door of Hope," the home he had so often prayed with me for and which I had a little over three years ago opened for Fallen Girls. As I took that highly

prized watch, the dearest of *all* his treasures and thought how he desired the *best* he possessed to be given to God, not considering in his heart anything too much or great to give to the dear Lord he so loved, I was *completely* overcome. It was indeed a *whole-hearted* offering. I was so touched, that as his sister came in the room I beckoned her over to my side, and in a whisper told her in these words, "Did you ever hear anything like this," etc., when Frankie interrupted, by softly saying, "Please don't talk about it Mamma dear, I'm not dead yet." Dear little lamb, he was always so modest in all he did, so never cared as *some* do, to hear others referring to what he felt he ought to do.

(Cannot a little child lead us older ones to what *true* giving means, and will we not let this be the time?)

After a little pause he again spoke "Give papa all my money." "Why darling," I asked "*what* would he do with that?"—(he had saved up nearly four dollars during the summer.)

"I want him to buy something *all* fo

himself to keep," and added, "he's *so* nice."

"To Siddie! why Mamma" he said, in a most plaintive sad little tone, "I've *only* a kiss left, give *that* to Siddie, I've nothing more left to *give* away."

Remembering the small gold ring on the bureau I suggested he could have *that*, so said, "You could give him your ring, love."

"O, yes," he replied, brightening up a little, with a happy look of relief, "give him *THAT*."

Feeling satisfied that each one had been cared for, he rested a few moments, then broke the stillness by saying, with emphasis, though in a very weak voice: "O, I *am* so glad, I *am* so glad that Jesus came and died to save me. Thank God, Mamma, Mamma pray—" I did, and when through, he reverently said aloud, "*Amen*," and—"God is *so* good."

After another interval he spoke of his dog, saying, "I love Prince, my dog!" How many times since has memory recalled the two, dear Frankie, propped up on the sofa, with that faithful watch dog

lying on the floor close to his side, hour after hour, and how he would, between his pain, stoop lovingly over and pat him, while with words of admiration would he call attention to him. After he died it was pitiful to see the poor dog go from room to room looking into our faces, and in this mute way express his distress as it were for his little master.



CHAPTER VIII.

Rev. 3 : 21. John 5 : 20.

AFTER a few moments more of rest, I said, "You love dear Papa, don't you darling?" Wishing to carry some little word home to the one so far away, and who so fondly cared for him, and was denied the privilege of ministering to him with us towards the last.

"O *yes*, Mamma," he replied with a look of real pathos sweeping over his face, "Papa is *so* good, Papa is *so* nice."

"Do you love Emma, darling?" "O yes, Mamma," again he answered. Then, I said, "You love Mamma too, don't you Frankie?" Raising himself a little on his hands, while turning his face more towards me, so full of tenderness, he said, "*Love you!* H'm! Well, I guess!" It was so expressive and like his old self, we could not but smile in the midst of our grief, and it helped to assure us of how *perfectly* conscious he was to his

surroundings. I next asked if he didn't love Minnie too, and he responded as before, "*Yes, Mamma dear,*" and added in such a sweet voice, "Why, Mamma, I love *all* my family."

In a few moments more the silence was again broken, by his trying to sing; at first, I could hardly make out the words, so asked what he was singing; when he stopped, and said with some surprise, "Why *don't you* know, Mamma?" and started again, though in a very weak voice, "Take me as I am," a little louder, "*He* takes me *as I am,*" and his strength gave out for full ten minutes or more. He rested a little at my suggestion, and just when my heart seemed to be indeed breaking and the *reality* of everything swept before me, he startled us by saying, and to my great astonishment, "Mamma, get on the other side of the Cross." We could not at first understand the meaning. Leaning over him I could not but say, "What is it, Love? what *do* you mean?" I could hardly believe I heard aright. Such a grand thought and from such a young disciple! Again he dis-

tinctly said, "the *other side of the Cross.*" *What* a marvellous thought! What a glorious message to leave behind; for on this side, is it not the sorrow side?" the crucified Christ, sadness, affliction, and care; while the other side is the resurrected side, the place of victory, joy in anguish; faith, hope, glory! Not *seeing* the Cross, but resting against it with faces heavenward pressing forward to the mark of our high calling.

As *never* before through Christ did I step over in faith that night to the other side of the Cross, and, when in a few minutes later—after three times assuring me he was not afraid to go with Jesus and would give my love to "Grandpa" in Heaven, adding with a beautiful smile of encouragement "Why mamma, I'm going to be *all* well"—God spoke victory to my heart; and, when I answered "Yes, my darling, and mamma's Frankie will *never* have any more pain," his face fairly lit up as he bowed assent, and gathering as it were all the remaining strength left in that frail little body, while a halo of glory seemed to shine round and about

him, as his eyes sparkled with peculiar lustre, he said, in a voice *just tuned* for Heaven, "O God makes me *so* happy," dropped his dear little head on his hands, and breathed himself into the presence of the One who had so marvellously sustained and used him for our comfort to the very last.

In silence by faith I stood, with my fingers pressing those eyelids so tenderly over the eyes that would never look into my face here below in their straightforward manly little way again. One minute passed and many others followed, but still I stood; and, somehow for the joy that was set before him could almost with a smile, by imagination, *see* my precious little child that loved me so devotedly, walk through the Valley of Death alone without a tremor, so conscious was I of *that* "Presence" that went before Him, and by faith I caught myself in that dead stillness, almost peering into the pearly gates on high as they burst asunder to give him an abundant entrance above, and could almost *see* the surprise of delight crossing his then ra-

diant little countenance, as he for the *first* time by experience took in the situation, and could say, as he had often sung on earth, "The half has *never* yet been told."

Gathering that precious little lifeless form to my heart, I felt more than "fully persuaded, that what I had committed unto God from the day of his birth—this one little Lamb of the Kingdom—He was able to keep against that Day," and further, that later on would return him forever (when my Mission below was ended) so clothed upon of Christ as to render him far more beautiful and perfect than the fondest conception of a mother's aspirations could ever even attain to.

The days following only those who have passed through such sorrow can justly appreciate *what* it means; nor need they be dwelt upon, for though the tears would flow and the heart ache and still does and *will*, the blessed Lord has by His presence sustained, blessed and strengthened us all.

After lovingly caring for his little body,

never can I forget, while kneeling all alone in that little room, watching the daylight for the first time creeping over his dear little face, how, in the stillness of my dead, promise after promise was brought to remembrance from the precious Word, nor how God whispered within my heart *such* a desire that his death might mean the salvation of souls, and then and there did I take power, if *possible*, to do double work; so that throughout eternity his little heart might be made glad over *many* who had thus in his name been won to Christ since his entrance into Heaven.

Telegrams and quantities of letters full of sympathy and condolences were sent from far and near, and all that could have been done to comfort one was resorted to, but if it had not been for the Comforter *Himself*, it would only have gone a little way, as lovingly extended as they were, towards soothing or permanently healing such a wound.

When quite a young child, several years before his grandfather's death, he gave

him the name of his "little mate," while Frankie called him the "Captain," as they would go off together on short pleasure trips from time to time during the summer months; and so when the sad news reached his grandmother, miles away, we were much touched by receiving a telegram which read as follows: "Place the little mate on the right side of his captain." Accordingly, after very precious services held in our home, where sinners were plead with as God directed, around his dainty white casket, surrounded by quantities of beautiful floral pieces and roses, etc., that order was carried out; and while the earth was being thrown into the new-made grave once more, the sound was deadened by the dear friends who accompanied us singing his favorite hymns, ending when all was over—and after even the grave diggers had been specially remembered in prayer—by singing "Nearer My God to Thee," leaving the little mate on the right side of his captain (or rather that which was tenanted by them), to await "the trumpet of God," when the Lord

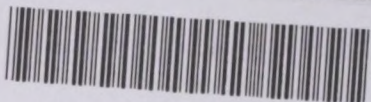
Himself shall descend from Heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and the dead in Christ shall rise first, then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we *ever be with the Lord*. 1 Thes. 4: 15-61.







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